

# **UN Day**

## **24 Oct 2009**

### **Chapter 1**

On January 22, 2008, the world as we knew it ended. Hillary Clinton was sworn in as President, and her husband, Chuck Schumer, as Vice President. The Winter of 2004/2005 combined with an oil crisis, started a period of depression and hyperinflation that made the Great Depression pale in comparison. The unemployment rate, reported at 30%, was closer to 50%, and the Misery Index was approaching 80%. GW was a 2<sup>nd</sup> term President, with no Republican successor since no one wanted to run the nation in it's current condition, and get blamed for the 2<sup>nd</sup> Great Depression, as it was known. The election of 2008 resulted in a Super-majority of Democrats in the House and Senate. Even long-time Republican Senators lost races after the media vilified and blamed the Republicans for causing something that was in the works since WWII. With the Big Mergers of 2008, FOX, CNN, and TNN ceased to exist, and were bought out by CBS, ABC, and NBC. With control of the networks, the Liberal Left could control almost 100% of what made "news" in the USA. Also their programming when they weren't broadcasting "news" soon resembled porno films, but their ratings were through the roof, and they claimed they were just giving the public what they wanted.

The European Union, and their bankers weren't happy with the financial situation, and had been pressuring the US to transfer half their land to the European banks as payment for interest on their loans. By 2008, the actual National Debt, instead of being the reported \$8 Trillion, was closer to \$30 Trillion, and the interest payments alone were double the reported budget of the US government. Hillary accepted the EU's demand to transfer land, on 1 condition, that they make her the next President of the US. Right after she signed the deal, the economy of the US all of a sudden got worse and worse. Contracts with European Nations were cancelled, and they were demanding cash in advance for any purchases. On January 23<sup>rd</sup>, she signed a secret Executive Order transferring half the United States to the ownership of the European Union, and they called on the UN to help them collect.

Hillary disbanded most of the US Military, sending most of the remainder overseas under UN control as Peace Keepers. She kept 1 division of US Marines as her ace in the hole in case the UN and the EU double-crossed her. This would become her downfall at a later date. Congress signed the "Gun Control Act of 2009" banning almost all weapons, except single-shot .22 rifles, and long-barreled 12-gauge pump shotguns for bird hunting. She wanted to send the ATF out to confiscate all the weapons, but Chuckie said that there were too many gun owners who would start shooting first and asking questions later. Instead she should pass a stiff VAR tax on Ammo, like 1,000%! A box of 50 rounds of 9mm ammo would go from \$8 to \$80 each, they

wouldn't have to ban guns if they couldn't afford the ammo!

Hillary thought Chuckie was pretty smart for a city guy, and called the Speakers of both houses to the White House and outlined her position. Since they were both rabid gun-hating Liberals, they loved it! They could effectively ban guns, and raise taxes! As soon as they got back to the House and Senate, Liberal congressmen were dog-piling on as co-sponsors of the bill, and it passed both houses in record time, and Hillary made a big deal at the signing ceremony about taking dangerous guns off the street. Luckily, thousands of Patriots had read the writing on the wall, and used what little time between the election and inauguration to buy all the ammo they could store, then started caching ammo and weapons all over the place in case the ATF came after them.

Even after the elections, things were getting steadily worse in the US; as unemployment continued to rise, black inner-city youth unemployment was fast approaching 100%, and "White Flight" was in full force. People were selling their homes for pennies on the dollar, just to move out of the big cities as the Summer of 2009 started with big riots in some of the cities. National Guard troops were sent to quell the disturbances, but that left the cities smoldering, and the National Guard became a de facto army of occupation in several cities.

Barry White was one of the last middle-aged white men with a job in New York City, or it looked that way to him. His job with Chase Manhattan Bank as a Systems Manager meant he had to go to the operations center whenever the Customer service center in New Delhi had a problem with the computer. 99% of the time, it was a failure to communicate, since they claimed they spoke English, but didn't understand the nuances of the language, or the slang that computer people used. Chase Manhattan was one of the few banks that still had an underground parking lot that was shielded by a high-security roll-up door. Since this was New York City, they had a strict "No Weapons" policy that allowed their security agents to search your vehicle or bags and confiscate any "contraband". Several employees lost valuable pocket knives until word got around that the guards were totally corrupt, and would confiscate anything valuable that they could remotely call a weapon. Several expensive Monte Blanc pens were confiscated until the Vice President sent a scorcher of a memo to Security threatening to fire the entire department if one more expensive pen or money clip were confiscated. Several New York body shops were doing a land-sale business building secret compartments in vehicles as a result. Barry wasn't what you'd call a "Survivalist Nut", but recent events made him decide to move his wife and daughters to his parents' farm in Tennessee, and maintain a small apartment so he could work. Before the ban took effect, he bought a Yugo SKS for \$200 cash with a 10-round magazine and a blade bayonet from a guy who said it "fell off a truck". It cost almost twice as much as it would if he'd bought it legally, but there was no paper trail to him. He purchased 1,000 rounds of 7.62x39mm ammo for it from another street vendor; stuff must be falling off trucks all around New York. He paid a shady body shop to install a fake body panel under his Jeep to hold the SKS and the ammo on 10-round stripper clips. He took the rifle to an abandoned quarry one day to learn how to shoot it, and expended 100 rounds before he could hit a man-sized target at 100 yards, which was plenty for him.

When the “New York City Riot of 2009” erupted, Barry was on the 6<sup>th</sup> floor of the bank building, watching the rioting on the TV in the break room. When the action got too close, he decided that now would be a good time to get out, ran down to the basement parking garage and out to the street, and ran a couple of blocks to Modell’s Sporting Goods. He had window shopped there several times, and bought some small stuff from them. He reached into his wallet, and pulled out his American Express Card, and decided he was going shopping. He bought a medium sized backpack with a Camelback Hawg 90 oz. water bladder, and walked quickly down the aisles, grabbing anything he thought was useful. He spotted a Bowie-style knife with an 8 inch blade and a Kydex sheath on sale, so he got it, and a GPS unit with spare batteries and an atlas of the United States already loaded. He bought a Silva compass and a bunch of topo maps as a back-up. On the next aisle they had binoculars, so he bought a small pair of 7-power rubber armored cammo binoculars. On the next aisle, he spotted a fanny pack with 2 quart bottles, a US GI surplus plastic qt canteen, cup, stove, and cover, a case of Hexamine tabs (he bought all of them), several bottles of Polar Pure, a Katadyn Voyager and a spare filter. On the next aisle, he scored big time with a Swiss Army Hiker, a Gerber Multiplier, a good First Aid Kit with Advil, Benedryl, and Imodium, and a bunch of bandages, gauze, and antibiotic ointment. On the next aisle he grabbed some sun screen, a tube of Aloe Vera Gel, and several tubes of Purell. The next aisle had flashlights, and he bought a small Mag Light solitaire, a Photon LED light, and a 3-D Mag light, and 4 sets of batteries for each. The next aisle included tents and stuff, so he bought 2 Mylar Sportsman’s blankets, which were Mylar lined tarps, a Mylar emergency blanket, a couple of emergency ponchos, 2 5-gallon collapsible water containers, and a 100-foot roll of OD parachute cord. The next aisle was the dehydrated food aisle, so he stocked up on soups, hot cocoa mix, and coffee.

When he got to the clothing aisle, he realized he was bugging out, and he was dressed for work and wearing dress shoes, so he asked the owner if they had a changing room, and when he said he did, Barry picked up 3 pairs of BDU pants, underwear, socks, and tee shirts. He bought 2 BDU shirts, and a lightweight wind-proof jacket. He bought some “tactical” boots since they looked like they would last, and carried the entire bunch into the dressing room and changed, then emptied his pockets. He put the rest of it into his shopping cart, then did a quick check to see if he was missing anything, then he spotted the fishing aisle, and bought a small fishing kit, a collapsible rod and ultra light reel combo, some spare 10/50 Spyderwire, a roll of 50 pound test steel leader, and a small plastic box full of #12 treble hooks. He was heading out to the front, when Mr. Modell stopped him, and asked him if he were planning on going anywhere. Barry said “Yeah, Home to Tennessee.”

He looked around, and not seeing anyone, he said that he had something he might be interested in out back. Barry said he had a couple of items left to buy, but Mr. Modell seemed to be in a hurry, so he followed him. He went back into his office and pulled an old S&W .357 revolver and 100 rounds of .357 Magnum JHP ammo for it. He said he was going to turn it in, but it was his for \$100 cash. Barry reached into his waistband, and extracted a \$100 bill from his money belt, and handed it to Mr. Modell, who slipped the gun into a nylon bag and handed it to Barry. He said he hoped Barry was out of town in 24 hours, because he was going to report it

stolen in a break-in. Barry had to smile; the old coot was pretty slick. On his way to the cash register, he bought a 4-pack of Bic lighters, a couple of cheap red LED Keychain lights, a box of large trash bags, another of Gallon Ziplocs, and a huge duffle bag. He cleaned out the gum and candy, and Mr. Modell rang him up. Barry said he needed the shopping cart, and he'd leave it in front of the Chase Manhattan Bank. Mr., Modell wished him luck, and opened the door. The street was deserted, so he hurried back to the Chase Manhattan office, and pushed the cart down the ramp to his parking space, where he loaded the revolver and stuck it in his front pocket while he distributed the load between his fanny pack, the daybag, and the duffle. He fired up his Jeep, and turned on the radio. The news was not reassuring; all the bridges to New Jersey were closed, as were the tunnels. Looks like he was going to have to find another way off the island. Years ago he had scouted the docks to the south of him, and was amazed at how lax the security was there. People just left their boats unattended and walked off. Several guys with more money than brains used 25-foot RHIBs as tenders to their yachts, and instead of buying a slip in the marina, took the tender and parked it illegally at the dock, and bribed someone. That gave him a wild idea, and he checked his map to see if he could get from the East River out to the Atlantic, south down the coast to someplace closer to Tennessee, like Virginia if he could make it that far.

He checked the gas gauge on the Jeep and it was full. If he could siphon the tank, and fill some gas cans, he could make it all the way home, or at least most of the way, and save a lot of walking. He made an illegal right turn, and drove half a block to Modell's. To say he was surprised to see Barry would be the understatement of the year. He explained what he needed, and Mr. Modell was more than accommodating. He had 5 empty 5-gallon Jerry cans, a good gas siphon so he wouldn't swallow gas, and the location of a gas station that had gas. Barry said he had 30 gallons in his vehicle, so he wouldn't need any more. Mr. Modell shrugged, and sold him the gas cans and the siphon, and seemed to be eager to get him out the front door, then Barry remembered he had the revolver in his front pocket - Whoops!

He got out of Modell's and turned so he was traveling the correct direction on Broadway. He was amazed that he hadn't seen a cop all day, then realized they were probably manning barricades somewhere. He drove to a secluded spot close to the docks, found a water spigot and filled up his water containers, and then checked his maps. The East River communicated directly with the harbor, and if he stayed on the Jersey side, and went south, he could follow the coast past Asbury Park. If he made it as far as Barnegat Light, he might be able to pull in there and rest a while. If he could follow the coast, he might make it as far south as Hampton Virginia. He hoped the Navy and Coast Guard weren't being particularly vigilant, and this trip was very risky, running a small boat without lights at night through shipping lanes is a good way to get turned into hamburger. Barry tried to think of other ways, but overland was even chancier, and from what he heard, they weren't letting vehicles off Manhattan Island anyway, so unless he wanted to wind up in one of Hillary's "refugee" camps, he'd have to try the sea route. While he waited for dark, he programmed several way points into his GPS, and made sure he had several sets of spare batteries, then put it in a Ziploc bag in his fanny pack where it wouldn't get wet.

Finally around dark, Barry drove the rest of the way down to the docks as quietly as possible. The docks were abandoned, and he was afraid the RHIB wouldn't be there. Finally he reached the right dock, pulled over and got out to check. Thank God the RHIB was still there. He shut off the engine of the Jeep, and climbed down the ladder to the RHIB. He checked and the 5-gallon fuel tank was full, and it looked like the engine hadn't been tampered with. It was a simple Johnson 125hp outboard that could drive the little RHIB at 40mph flat-out, but he would travel at a fuel-efficient 20mph. He saw the muffler stuck out the back, and thinking fast, climbed back up the ladder, grabbed an empty coke can, cut the bottom off of it, stuffed it with some steel wool he found in the Jeep, and duct taped it to the muffler - instant glass pack. He scampered back up the ladder, and siphoned the Jeep's tank dry, and took everything usable out of it and hauled it down to the RHIB. He used a length of rope to lower the gear to the RHIB so he didn't have to climb back up and down 20 feet of ladder 20 times. Finally with the Jeep stripped, he took off the plates and the VIN, started the motor, lashed the steering wheel so it would go straight, put a brick on the throttle, and slammed it into gear with the door open. It idled off the end of the pier and quickly sank in 30 feet of water.

He climbed down to the RHIB, organized his loot, and found a big bright-yellow bag that wasn't his. He opened it - and Jackpot! It was a ditch kit that the rich idiot that owned the boat probably carried in his tender in case he had to abandon ship. It contained a flare pistol with 20 flares, a reverse osmosis fresh water filter, 5 marine lifeboat rations, a cover for the boat that would double as a tent with the provided supports, and 20 packs of water blocks. The real score was a detailed chart of the area with the shipping lanes clearly marked. He couldn't understand why there were 5 large aluminum cans in the kit until he read the label that said "2-cycle oil" and that each can should be mixed with 5 gallons of gasoline. He emptied the 5 cans into his Jerry cans, and saved the cans in case he had to build another muffler. Barry wanted to make sure he stayed out of the shipping lanes as much as possible, and decided to cross the ones he needed to cross at right angles. There was a laminated chart showing the tides and currents which would help. He looked up, and his luck was holding, it was only a quarter moon tonight. He couldn't wait any longer, so he unfastened the rope that connected the RHIB to the dock, and pulled the starter cord. NOTHING! He tried again and again, then remembered he needed to prime the carb, and squeezed the gas bulb twice, and tried again. Still nothing. Finally he looked up and saw a key switch in the dash - NO KEY!

Barry almost panicked until he realized that it was a simple switch, and all he had to do was bypass it. He took out his Gerber tool, cut the leads, stripped them, and twisted them together, then wrapped them with a piece of duct tape, and taped the connection back under the dash. Finally he tried the pull rope - Success! It fired right up, and was amazingly quiet with the soda can muffling the exhaust. He maneuvered away from the dock then aimed the boat in the direction of New Jersey, and twisted the throttle until he was planing, and guessed he was at half-throttle and around 20 knots. He had 5 gallons of gas in the tank, and 25 in the jerry cans. He hung his Silva compass on a lanyard around his neck, and added a red LED Keychain light to the lanyard so he could check the compass without wrecking his night vision. He made good time down the East River, under the Brooklyn Bridge. He skirted the island of Manhattan and

crossed Upper New York bay to the Jersey side near Liberty State park, then turned South again toward the Atlantic Ocean. He stayed 100 yards off the shore, which was close enough to see it in the moonlight, but far enough so unless someone was looking for him, they wouldn't see him, and with the exhaust muffled and the other harbor noises masking him, they'd have a hard time hearing him. Looking ahead, he could see several docks sticking further out in the water, so he turned toward the middle of the channel to give them a wide berth. Once he cleared them, he got closer to the Jersey shore and slowed down, because the bay was getting narrow here, and he wanted to make as little noise as possible. Finally he was in the Lower Bay, and sped up and moved 100 yards away from shore again, still staying on the Jersey side, since most of the outbound traffic would be on the western shore of the bay. The next obstacle was Staten Island, and he hoped the ferries weren't running today, because they could ruin his whole day. The wakes they left could capsize a small boat if it crossed it wrong, and since it was dark out, he'd never see the wake. He scanned the horizon, and there were no moving lights in sight. That was a good thing, but he realized the boats left a wake that would reach miles behind them.

Finally he cleared Staten Island, and breathed a huge sigh of relief. Now all he had to worry about was open-ocean freighters, tankers, and Naval vessels. At this point, he took a huge risk, opened up his fanny pack, and got the bearing for his first waypoint, a small spit of land that separated New Jersey from the Atlantic Ocean called Sandy Hook. If he missed the point to the west, he'd get stuck in Sandy Hook Bay with no access to the Atlantic, so he made sure he stayed East of his bearing. He had set the waypoint for a fort on the point called Fort Hancock and it was right in the middle of the tip of the point. It would mean leaving the shore, but it would save over 20 miles, so he took the risk. The GPS pointed the correct direction, and he swung the bow of the boat to match, quickly set up his compass, turned off the GPS to save batteries, and put it back in the fanny pack around his waist. He would navigate by compass for now. The Jersey shore was disappearing to his west, and he knew he needed to check his GPS in half an hour, so he looked at his watch, and rotated the bezel to indicate the current time. Half an hour later, he slowed to an idle, got out the GPS, checked, and he was 2 miles Northeast of his waypoint. Since the point was maybe a mile wide at that end, he steered slightly east of the indicated bearing to make sure he came out on the Atlantic side of the spit. 5 minutes later, he checked again, and he was 1 mile due east of the waypoint, so he motored west until he was within 100 yards of land. The chop had picked up, and was running 1-2 feet now that he was in the open ocean. He prayed he wouldn't get seasick. Once he was safely on the Atlantic side of the point, he didn't need to watch his compass as carefully as long as he stayed in sight of land, so he started looking around. There were several moving lights way in the distance, but they were too far away to be a danger. He made Asbury Park by midnight, and knew he was making good time. He decided to idle for a minute and transfer some fuel from his Jerry cans to the fuel tank, since it was getting low. He used the siphon tube, since he wouldn't spill as much gas, and every ounce was precious. 15 minutes later, the fuel tank was full, and the Jerry can was half empty. He was glad that the motor was doing so well, and wasn't burning a lot of fuel. Luckily, whoever owned the boat he stole took good care of it.

Once the fuel transfer was complete, Barry twisted the throttle to half throttle, and made his way

southwest along the Jersey shore. He knew it was another 60 miles or so to Seaside park, and at 20 knots, he'd be there in 3 hours, so he'd either stop there and sleep for a couple of hours, or if it wasn't deserted, he'd continue south to Barnegat Light, and crash there for a couple of hours, he wanted to be back on the water by daybreak to keep any nosey neighbors from spotting him. The Jersey Shore had a range of barrier islands from Bay Head Junction south almost to Mystic Island. They were populated, but with the unrest, he hoped the tourists that flocked there went home. So far he had seen little activity on shore, and his improvised muffler was still holding up. At 3:00 am, he thought he saw the lights of Seaside Park. He checked his watch, and it was 3:00 am, so he checked the GPS, and he was due east of Seaside park according to the GPS, so he switched it back off and put it back in his fanny pack. It looked pretty deserted, so he slowed to just above an idle, and headed in. When he got close enough, he scanned the shore with his binoculars, and the place was locked up and deserted. He decided to chance it, and idled the rest of the way in. Once the boat made contact with the sand, he unlocked the motor, tilted it safely up, and slid it onto the beach. He set his watch alarm for 0600, and wrapped himself in a Sportsman's blanket.

## Chapter 2

Barry's alarm went off at 0600. It was grey and foggy, but he knew he had to push onward, and the fog would burn off eventually. He got up and carefully scanned the horizon with his binoculars, there wasn't a soul around so he climbed out of the boat, dug a hole in the sand, stuck the canteen cup stove in the hole, put a piece of hexamine in the center, and lit it. He added water to the canteen cup and looked around while it heated. He took out 2 cocoa packets, and 1 of coffee for the caffeine. Once the water was hot enough, he added the powders and stirred with a spoon he had picked up at the store. He sipped the café mocha and watched the horizon. Slowly the fog burned off, and by the time he had finished, it was clear enough to travel safely. He put his kit back together, and buried the signs of his fire in the sand, pushed the Zodiac RHIB into the surf, tipped the motor back down and locked it, then started the motor and idled back out through the surf zone. Once he was just about as far offshore as he could safely go and still see the shore, he turned southwest and continued toward Virginia. He accelerated to almost 20 knots, which was as fast as he could safely travel in the light fog, he wanted to be south of the casinos in Atlantic City before they got busy around 0800 in the morning. If he got really lucky, the fog would lighten enough to see so he could go faster, but still obscure him from the shoreline. As it was, he hoped to make Cape May in a little over 2 hours. He remembered he needed to refuel, so while he could see, he stopped and idled the motor while he transferred the remaining half of the jerry can into the gas tank. He didn't throw the can overboard because he might need it later.

He blew past Atlantic City at 0800, running as fast as he dared. He knew he had enough fuel to make the Virginia shore, now it was just a matter of not getting caught. 2 hours later, he reached Cap May, and had to make a decision. Should he follow the shoreline, or strike out in a direct line path to North Carolina. He decided against going for the Virginia Shore, because the only good landfall was Norfolk Naval base, and that would be like running into the lion's den with T-bones strapped to his body. Looking further south into Northern Carolina, there was a huge set of barrier islands, and a break just north of Sanderling that would let him through the barriers, or he'd have to go way south to get around the barrier islands. Who designed these coastlines anyway? He could make landfall between Jarvis and Grandy, and beg, borrow, or steal a vehicle, and head northwest to Tennessee. He didn't want to even consider walking it; he might get home some time that century. Since he had to go southwest to North Carolina, he decided to take the direct route, found Sanderling on his GPS map, and entered it as a waypoint, set Cape May as the starting point, and copied the bearing to his Silva compass. The GPS said that it was about 150 miles direct, so he guessed he was going to be on the water for another 10 hours, but far enough away from the coast to not worry about being spotted. He'd have to keep much better track of his compass, and stop every hour or so to get a GPS fix, and correct his heading. He wrapped his bandanna around his head and put the sun screen on, and clipped on his polarizing sun glasses, because the sun on the water could be brutal. He topped off the gas tank, said a quick prayer, and twisted the throttle to the fastest setting he dared.



An hour later, he slowed to idle to check his position. Good news was he was averaging 30mph. Bad news was he was off course by 2 degrees, costing him several miles off course. He looked at the GPS, and it had a lanyard connection in the back, and he did have spare batteries for it. He couldn't risk getting blown further off course, so he decided to risk his GPS. If he lost it overboard, he'd be hopelessly lost. He added it to the lanyard around his neck, and vowed to be careful with it, and leave it under his shirt unless he was checking it, and he'd check it every half-hour now to minimize errors. He took another compass bearing, and set off again. Every half-hour he checked his bearing, and his errors were getting progressively smaller. 4 hours later, he was halfway there, and celebrated by drinking 1 lifeboat ration water block. When he finished, he filled the tank, and twisted the throttle as fast as he dared. Every time he checked his GPS, he was still averaging 30mph, and on course for Sanderling, NC. Later that afternoon, he reached the break in the barrier islands just north of Sanderling. He entered the next waypoint, Jarvisburg, NC, and turned due west, and accelerated to 20mph. Jarvisburg was only 5 miles away, so he would be there in 15 minutes. He needed to find a place to stash the Zodiac, and either buy, borrow, or steal a car and head to Tennessee. He motored up and down the coast trying to find a spot to stash the Zodiac, when he spotted an old Ford pickup with a for sale sign on it. The funny thing was he could see the homeowner had a nice fishing boat tied to his pier, but it didn't have an obvious tender attached. Thinking quickly, Barry slid the zodiac up on the sand next to his dock, only to be greeted by a Crusty old Curmudgeon with a sawed-off shotgun. "Just what do you think you're doing young feller?"

Barry decided that polite would be the correct approach "Sir, I saw the for sale sign on your pickup, and I was thinking of asking you if you'd trade me for this Zodiac?"

"Well why didn't you say so, instead of sneaking up on me like that?"

"Sorry, I just drove this small boat from New York City to here, and I'm on my way home to Tennessee. I'm still in Tactical mode, and I forgot my manners."

"I'll let it slide this time, so you own that boat?"

"Not exactly Sir, I kinda borrowed it from some Rich Old Fart who wasn't using it at the time."

"Well, the first thing you can do is stop calling me Sir; I worked for a living when I was in the Corps. My name's Gary."

Gary held out his hand, and Barry shook it and said "My name's Barry."

"Well Barry, let's see what you borrowed, maybe I'll trade you for the truck."

"Ok, but none of the bags or the fuel cans are part of the deal - I might need them later."

Gary checked out the Zodiac, and it was in excellent shape for just traveling a couple hundred miles across the Atlantic. He laughed when he saw the improvised glass pack.

“Don’t laugh Gary, it worked. No one heard me even 100 feet off the Jersey shoreline when I went down the East River and out to the Atlantic.”

“Son, either you’re braver or stupider than you look.”

“Actually I was really lucky, and I was praying all the way. Scooting through a crowded harbor at night without any lights in a small boat is a good way to become hamburger, but the cops had all the tunnels and bridges off the island closed and barricaded, so unless I wanted to join one of Broomhillary’s “refugee camps”, I had no choice.

“Well either someone was praying for you or you got real lucky - you made it past 2 huge naval bases without getting caught.”

“I never saw any signs of activity from either base, I think they’re in Maintenance Mode since Her Royal Highness disbanded the military.”

“What’s in the yellow bag?”

“Just some stuff the guy left in his boat - probably a ditch kit. Now that I’m on Terra Firma, I probably won’t need most of it.”

Barry opened the bag, and when he took out the RO desalinator, Gary’s eyes got big as saucers. “Barry, that desalinator is worth more than the Zodiac. If you throw that in, you’ve got a deal.”

“I’d like to take a quick look at the pickup first, I might have to go cross-country, and I’d like a pickup that could make it.”

“Well if any 2-wheel drive vehicle could, this should, I put a Detroit locker in it a couple of years ago. If you step on the gas, the rear end locks up, and both wheels turn equally.”

“Cool, what’s it got under the hood?”

“351 Cleveland, Holley Double-pumper quad, and a mild Iskey cam. It’s set up for pulling.”

“No kidding! What about the gas mileage?”

“If you can keep your foot out of it, you’ll get 20mpg, if not, maybe 10. I’ve got a 50-gallon auxiliary tank full of fresh 93 octane fuel in the back, plus another 10 out of 30 in the stock fuel tanks, and it looks like you’ve got maybe 15 more in the cans. That should get you quite a ways.”

“Gary, you’ve got a deal.”

“Barry, it’s getting late, how about I feed you dinner, and you can sleep in the barn and get an early start tomorrow. You look like you haven’t slept much lately.”

“Thanks Gary, I’ve only slept maybe 3 hours in the last 24.”

“Well that settles it - you’re staying here tonight.”

They took the next hour or so to transfer Barry’s stuff to the pickup, and tie the Zodiac up to the fishing boat tied up to Gary’s dock. Gary handed Barry the keys, and the truck started right up with a nice rumble. He saw a lever under the dash that was in an odd place.

“What’s the lever for?”

“Exhaust Cutout - if you have to accelerate fast, it bypasses the mufflers, and you gain 30hp.”

“You weren’t a cop were you?”

“Used to be the Sheriff of this County until I retired a few years ago to take up fishing.”

“Glad I was straight up with you, or I might have wound up in jail.”

“Probably not, I’d just tell you to hit the road. Times aren’t normal anymore. Speaking of which, how you fixed for guns?”

“Just an SKS and this S&W Police .357 Magnum”

“Can I see the .357?”

Barry pulled it out of his pocket, and Gary recognized it as an issue .357 Magnum, probably a NYPD police return. “That’s a nice pistol. If you’re interested, I’ll trade you the SKS and the .357 for a Bushmaster AR-15 and a Colt Government 1911.”

“Why would you do that?”

“I’m guessing that revolver is a NYPD police .357 Magnum revolver, and I never got one. It’s kind of sentimental.”

Barry opened the cylinder, dumped the rounds, and handed it to Gary. Sure enough, the NYPD roll mark was right where it belonged. His eyes started misting up.

“Tell you what Barry - I’ll trade you the pistol, all the ammo you have for it, and the SKS and all the ammo you have for it, for a flat-top Bushmaster AR-15 with a Simmons 3x9x40 rubber armored scope, 5 20-round magazines, 1,000 rounds of NATO surplus 5.56mm ammo, a

stainless Colt Government 1911, with 4 7-round magazines and 200 rounds of JHP ammo for it. I'll even throw in a Kydex concealed carry holster and mag carriers for the 1911."

Barry knew his guns, the AR-15 itself was worth over \$1500. Between the guns, ammo, and stuff, he was offering 3-5 times the worth of his stuff, and said so.

"Last time I checked, that desalinator was worth several thousand dollars, and the boat's worth over 5 grand by itself. I was only going to sell the truck for \$500, it's a rust bucket, but it should get you to Tennessee OK. I'll feel better about the deal if I trade you for the AR-15."

"OK Gary you'll get no complaints from me. Can you show me how to shoot the AR-15?"

Gary went into his house, came back with a cased AR-15 with 5 loaded mags. The Bushmaster was the HBAR variant, and had a flat-top with a rail. The Simmons scope was mounted on a QD mount, and next to it in the case was an inexpensive red dot sight with QD mounts as well. Gary told him the ammo was the SS-109 NATO penetrator round. Barry wondered what language Gary was speaking. They walked out to an unused part of the dock, and Gary showed Barry how to get into the kneeling and Military Prone positions, then showed him how the AR-15 worked, where the safety was, and how to cycle the action, clear a jam, and how to clean the bore and field strip the gun to clean the rest of it. He put it back together, stuck a loaded mag inside the magazine well, handed Barry some ear plugs, then when they were set, he shot a stump 100 yards away. After 5 rounds, he handed the rifle to Barry, and coached him until all 5 rounds were hitting the 6-inch stump 100 yards away. Then he had him switch to the red dot scope, and try it again. It was harder with the red dot, since it covered more of the target. Gary explained the Red dot sight was his preferred night sight, for anything inside 100 yards, just put the dot on the target and squeeze the trigger. The red-dot sight had a 1 inch tube, and a 5-moa dot, so it wouldn't work well for distance shooting, but was very effective for up-close work.

Once they were finished, Gary cased the rifle back up, and carried everything into the house. He broke out his cleaning kit, and while Gary made dinner, Barry cleaned his new rifle. Gary gave him the cleaning kit, saying he had several of them.

Gary told Barry to clean off the table, dinner was ready. He had a huge pot of Shrimp Jambalaya. Gary said grace, and they ate quietly. After dinner, Barry started getting very tired. Gary saw the signs of impending sleep, and handed him a couple of blankets and an air mattress. He'd have to sleep on the living room floor. Barry was just glad to have someplace warm to sleep, and blew up the air mattress, wrapped himself in the blankets, and promptly fell asleep. He awoke early the next morning to the smells of coffee, bacon, and eggs. Gary said "Breakfast is ready sleepyhead."

Barry thanked him for making breakfast, and Gary told him he made up a bag of food for him since all Barry had was soup. It wasn't much, but it would stretch his food supply. He opened the bag on the table, and there was a 5-pound bag of rice, a small bottle of Tabasco, and a 5-

pound bag of pinto beans. Barry thanked him, and when they were through eating, Gary helped him pack, and gave him a map with all the county roads marked, and a letter that should get him through any roadblocks in North Carolina. He told Barry to stay off the interstates, because the National Guard units were manning the roadblocks on them, and were arresting anyone with firearms or other weapons on the spot. The county roads might have a deputy watching them, but his letter should get him past any LEO roadblocks until he got closer to Tennessee. Gary's route kept him off interstate 158, but looked like it added miles to his routing. Gary said there was a gas station in Grady with gas that he got good high-octane fuel from before, who could fill up all his jerry cans, and probably had some more for sale if he asked nicely. Gary said "Almost forgot" and handed him the bill of sale and pink slip for the truck, and wished him luck. Barry got Gary's number so he could call him when he got home if the phones still worked, and shook Gary's hand. He flipped the bench seat forward, and there was a hidden compartment for the AR-15 just like Gary said. He looked under the seat, and spotted a strange shotgun. It looked like a Witness Protection shotgun like he saw in Miami Vice. Next to it was a box of 25 Federal 00 Buck Tactical 12 gauge shells. Well, that answered that question. He was definitely driving a copmobile. All he needed was a police radio and lights. He made it to Grady without incident, and pulled into the gas station. The attendant said "Isn't that Gary's old Truck?"

"Yes Sir, he sold it to me, and gave me a bill of sale, and the pink slip. I'm on my way home to Tennessee, and I need to fill my gas tanks, and all my Jerry Cans. Gary said you might have some for sale, and I'd really appreciate it if you would."

"Son, you've been really polite, which means you've been talking to Gary, so I'll get you 4 5-gallon jerry cans, which is half of what I have in stock, and fill them full of gas for you."

Barry handed him his Amex card, and the attendant looked at it like it was a snake. Miraculously his card machine still worked, so he charged Barry \$100 for the fuel and the jerry cans. He took almost 40 gallons of gas, plus the cans, so Barry signed it. 2 minutes later, he brought the cans back around the front, and helped Barry fill them up and put them in the bed of the truck, then tie them down. He had 45 gallons in jerry cans, 30 in the main tank, and 50 in the auxiliary tank, so he hoped he had enough to make it. At 20 mpg, he had almost 2,000 miles worth of fuel, and at 10mpg, he had 1,000 miles worth, so he should be able to make it. He checked his maps, and the maps said it was 600 miles by primary road, so even allowing for secondary roads, he should have enough gas to make it, but he would top up if he got a chance, since he wasn't sure how much gas they might have in Tennessee. He felt a lot better about driving the truck with the Witness Protection shotgun under the seat. The 12" barreled 4-shot shotgun was devastating at close range, like if someone tried to carjack him. He drove down the county road, and sure enough just outside of Poplar Branch a sheriff's deputy blocked the road with his vehicle, telling him to stop with 1 hand, and the other firmly parked on his pistol. Barry stopped 50 feet away, shut off the motor, and kept his hands on the wheel. The officer obviously wished he had stopped closer, so he took his time walking over.

“License and Registration please!”

“Yes sir officer.”

He handed his Tennessee driver’s license, the bill of sale, pink slip, and the note from Gary to the officer.

“It says here you are driving home to Tennessee, you’re a long way from home aren’t you?”

“Yes officer, I was in New York City last week.”

“Ok Mr. White, I’m going to let you go, and I’ll call the vehicle description in so the other officers know you’re OK. Drive Safely now!”

He handed Barry’s paperwork back to him, and walked back to his vehicle, and backed it out of the way, and waved Barry forward. He could see him talking on his radio, and hoped the next couple of roadblocks would be easier. When he reached Aydlett, the road turned west toward 158. He had no choice but to drive 158 for the next 50 miles or so, but Gary had marked where the roadblocks were, and the county roads that would get him around them. Finally he was in Western North Carolina, and was able to get back on the county roads again.

## Chapter 3

As Barry got back onto the county roads, he noticed he was getting into the foothills, and forested areas. Something made him unclip the WP shotgun and set it on the seat next to him, and fill the pockets of his BDU jacket full of shotgun shells. No sooner had he finished then he saw a huge tree dropped in the middle of the road. He knew that the weather didn't do it, because he could see where the inbred idiots chopped the tree down. He skidded to a stop 10 feet short of the tree, and un-assed the vehicle as fast as he could, taking the WP shotgun with him. He dove and rolled to the left side of the road, catching the would-be ambushers by surprise. Somehow he had managed to maintain a grip on the 12 gauge through all his gymnastics, and fired from the prone position at a nearby tree with a Bubba trying to hide behind it. Bubba was bigger than the tree, and absorbed several pellets, hollering "Pa, that SOB shot me!"

Barry rolled the rest of the way into the drainage ditch, which was the nearest cover, and grabbed the forend with his free hand, "ca-chunk" and the gun was loaded again. On the opposite side of the road, someone was trying to get a bead on him with a 30-30. Barry fired at the same time, and he hit, but Barry heard and felt the 30-30 round tear into the dirt next to him. He wasn't sure if he had hit the second guy, but hoped he had. 6 feet away was a huge tree, but it was 6 feet away. A short burst of AK-47 fire convinced him that the ditch wasn't good cover, so he ran around the tree, right as a 7.62 round hit the tree head high. Barry realized he would have been dead if the tree wasn't there. He reloaded the shotgun, and yelled at the guys who were ambushing him "What the hell are you shooting at me for - I'm just trying to get home to the Smokey Mountains - Heck we're probably Kin!"

"Ya ain't no kin of us!" yelled an older voice. Bingo...Barry had risked giving them his position to locate the leader. He was across the road, out of range of his sawed-off shotgun full of buckshot. If he had a slug, he'd try it, and then remembered he had the .45. While it was almost 30 yards to where the leader of this bunch on yahoos was hiding, the .45 would have a better chance of hitting him. He quietly cycled the action and quickly reloaded the magazine of the shotgun, then pulled out the Colt Commander. He didn't want to use more than 7 rounds to hit the leader, but he could risk burning a magazine to get him. He rolled to the opposite side of the tree and laid prone in the brush, waiting for the boss to move. 5 minutes later, he saw movement by the tree where he heard the leader's voice come from. He carefully lined up the sights, and when they were centered on the leader's forehead, he squeezed the trigger, and the leader's head blew up like a watermelon.

"Holy Shiiiiit, that guy just blewed paw's head up like a watermelon. Let's git!" Instead of going straight to his truck, Barry quietly circled the ambush site about 50 yards out. The first guy had been hit, but wasn't there any more, so he knew he wounded one because of the blood trail leading downhill away from the ambush site. He checked on the second guy, and he took a load of buckshot to the chest, and was deader than a doornail. Barry took his lever action 30-30,

and all the ammo and gear he could find off the body. He carefully checked the road, and the 2 surviving in-breeders had high-tailed it back to whatever hollow they lived in. The leader was exactly as the one guy said; his head was blown up like a watermelon, causing Barry to throw up. Once he finished getting sick, he took the leader's full-auto AK-47 and chest bandoleer full of loaded AK magazines. The leader had a nice pig sticker and a small hatchet so he took them too. When he got back to the road, he was laughing his head off; the morons had left enough room on the far side of the clearing to squeeze his truck between the downed tree and the ones on that side of the road. Barry fired up his truck, and drove around the roadblock, and floored it to get away from the area.

He drove more carefully through the wooded area, in case any kin of the inbred idiots had the same idea about turning into highwaymen. Finally he cleared the tree line and descended toward a major crossing. He pulled off the road to check the crossing. Amazingly it was deserted. He'd have a hard time explaining the full-auto AK-47 if he got stopped, so he decided to avoid all further roadblocks, or ditch the AK if he had to. He wanted to keep it, because he knew his dad had thousands of 7.62 x 39 ammo for his collection of SKS rifles. He got back in the truck, and crossed underneath the freeway at just below the legal limit. He looked at his map, and knew he had to cross Interstate 1 and drive into a couple of substantial towns, but it couldn't be helped. Once he was in a good spot, he pulled over, and disassembled the AK-47 and hid it. The guy with the 30-30 had 100 rounds for it, and it was a common rifle around those parts, so a cop wouldn't give it a second glance. He put the Witness Protection shotgun back under the seat, and drove carefully, on the lookout for ambushes or roadblocks. The last time he checked his maps, Barry noticed that Route 158 went through Murfreesboro, then he had to decide North or South.

Barry just cleared Mapleton on his way to Murfreesboro, when he saw a County Sheriff's vehicle blocking the road with its lights on. He stopped 20 feet short, and shut off his ignition. A huge butterball of a slob got out of his cruiser wiping fried chicken onto his uniform. The buttons of his uniform shirt looked like they'd shoot off and kill someone any second now. He wiped his brow and hitched up his pants and Sam Browne 3 times in the 20 feet between the cruiser and Barry's truck. Barry swore he'd made wrong turn and was in Hazard when the fat slob finally made it to his truck. "Out of the truck, and give me your license and registration while your at it!" demanded the Jabba look-alike. His beady little eyes were hidden behind his mirrored sunglasses, which had gouged grooves in his fat cheeks. When he spoke, Barry practically gagged. He handed the officer his paperwork, and politely said "Is there a problem officer?"

"Yeah, you're not from around here!"

"I'm trying to get home to Tennessee, I had to flee the rioting in New York, and the best I could do was hitch a lift on a boat to North Carolina. As you can see from Gary's letter, I traded him for the truck, and I'm not bothering anybody, am I?"



“I’ll be the judge of that, now get out of my way - I need to search your truck!”

Barry’s Dad had warned Barry about officers like this, they were pig-headed power-mad men with huge egos and tiny minds. Barry knew that even a blind man would find the Shotgun, which as a NFA weapon, would mean a trip to prison. He made a decision, and when the stupid deputy had turned his back on him, Barry was able to pull his .45 and point it at the Deputy’s head.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you Deputy!” Barry said with as much menace in his voice as he could manage “You might want to come out of that truck slowly with your hands in plain sight. My .45 is pointed right at your fat head, and I’ve got an itchy trigger finger!”

All pretense of authority crumbled when the blubbering deputy realized that he had ran into a snake, and he had the drop on him. “Please don’t shoot, I’ve got a wife and kids.”

“Only if you do something stupid - All I want to do is get home to Johnson City. You remember “A Country Boy Can Survive?”

“Everyone knows that song - Hank Williams Jr.”

“Well Deputy - you just ran into your worst nightmare - I won’t let you or anything else stop me from getting home to my family, so if you want to get home, do exactly as I say, and I won’t kill you.”

“Why not?”

“For 1 thing, even if you’re a slimeball with a badge, you’re still the law. But the main reason is if you don’t learn your manners, the next country boy you pull over might not be as forgiving as I am, and shoot you where you stand, and save me from having to shoot you.”

The deputy slowly backed out of the truck, while Barry maintained a lock on his head from about 6 feet away. Barry backed up with the officer, so he couldn’t get close enough to grab him.

“OK deputy, that’s far enough. OK, now I need to disarm you, disconnect your radio, and put you in the back of your cruiser. I’ll give you some water so you won’t die before someone finds you. Hopefully by the time someone finds you, I’ll be home. Don’t send the law after me, because after I’m finished with them, I’ll come back here, hunt you down, and kill you and your whole family.”

“Ok, I’ll cooperate, Jeeze what did I do to you?”

“You threatened to search my vehicle - Gary gave me his Witness Protection 12ga, and I know

you'd have cuffed me as soon as you saw it, so I couldn't let that happen. Besides, I didn't like your attitude. Ok, now slowly unbuckle your belt and let your pants fall to the ground."

"Yer not one of them Homo Hillbillies are you?"

"No I'm not, and one more comment out of you, and I'll shoot you anyway and hide the body."

Deputy Dawg did as he was told, and dropped his pants. Obviously Barry had put the fear of God into him, or else he didn't wash his underwear too often, because there was a big yellow stain in the front.

"OK, now step out of your pants, and leave the pants and belt on the ground."

"Ok, now slowly unbutton your shirt, and take off your vest."

Deputy Dawg wasn't going to argue, and soon was sitting there in his tee-shirt and underwear. He stank so much that Barry didn't want to get too close, but he made sure he didn't have a cuff key hidden in his underwear. He opened the deputy's cuff case, told the deputy to assume the position, and proceeded to cuff him - those cop shows he watched in College came in handy after all. Once he was cuffed, Barry double checked, and found a small bulge in the front of his waistband. It was a .38 double-barrel derringer in nickel-plated steel. He pocketed the weapon, stood the deputy against his cruiser, opened the back door, and gently set the deputy in the cruiser, and closed the door. He left the pants and shirt in the front seat of the cruiser, took the deputy's Benchmade knife, and cut the microphone cable, and the coax cable to the antenna, thoroughly disabling the radio. Finally he opened the trunk, and hit the jackpot. HSD had issued gear for an Emergency bag to all rural Sheriff Departments, including surplus M-16A2s with M -203 grenade launchers, 10 loaded 20-round magazines, 10 riot control rubber buckshot grenades, a gas mask with spare filters, a Tyvek suit with gloves and boots. It also had an extensive first aid kit and some other goodies.

When he finished emptying the trunk and transferring all the gear to his truck, he got in the front seat of the cruiser and drove it off the road and far into the brush. He opened the back door, stuck an open plastic bottle of water between the deputy's knees, and cracked the window open. He really didn't want the officer's death on his conscience, even if he were a slimeball. Finally he popped the hood, and pulled the distributor cap and the wires - now the deputy wasn't going anywhere either. On his way back to the road, he took some brush and obscured the tire tracks, and made sure the cruiser was invisible from the road. The deputy's Sam Browne yielded a police radio handy talkie, which would come in handy so he could find out if he'd been discovered. The pistol was a nice Kimber .45 with a bunch of 8-rd mags. He preferred this Kimber to the Colt Commander, since it was the Kimber Custom TLE II, and the deputy had a nice set of night sights and a clip-on tactical light for it in his belt. He turned the radio on, threw the rest of the gear in the truck, and high-tailed it out of there. He turned south on 258 once he was out of sight, since he'd told the deputy he was headed to Johnson City in

Northeastern Tennessee. If they discovered the deputy, they'd be looking for his truck on the wrong road. He had to take the southern route to Gatlinburg TN now. He had to stay out of major cities, but the only way he could get to Asheville was to skirt Charlotte, and he had to go way south on 258 to avoid Raleigh and its surrounding area, which would be crawling with cops. It was 130 miles to Richlands, and from there he could pick up NC-24W to 421 west, which should bypass all the major cities and towns until Charlotte. He was pretty sure he could find a county road that bypassed Charlotte, and he'd have to make a short run on 74 to Asheville. Once he was in Asheville, he was within a day's long drive from home, barring any incidents.

## Chapter 4

Barry had a long drive ahead of him. He hoped to make it to Richlands, and spend the night in a motel. He'd definitely need the sleep by then. He was surprised to see traffic on Route 258, then he correctly guessed that they were bypassing the interstate as well, but they mostly looked like farmers going to market. His rusted-out pickup blended in perfectly as long as he babied the throttle, because as soon as he would have goosed the throttle, he would have stood out like a whore in church. The speed limit was a sedate 35mph, which was OK with him. Finally he crossed a bridge that looked like it was over a fairly major river. Not seeing any traffic, he pulled over to the side and dumped anything that screamed "cop" from his collection except for the pistol and the radio. The go bag was buried in the back of the bed underneath his stuff, and would take a concerted search to find. With that out of the way, he felt less paranoid. He could pass a casual stop and an ID check as long as Deputy Dawg remained safely tucked away in his vehicle. Several times during the trip, he heard routine traffic, but nothing mentioning a rust-red Ford pickup or his plate number. His father had been a reserve deputy in Tennessee, so he knew the radio codes they used. Finally a little over 4 hours later, he pulled into Richlands, and saw a sign for a rural motel with the Vacancy sign lit. He pulled up to the office and checked in. They only wanted \$20 for the night, he hoped they had recently sprayed for fleas! The good news was the rooms themselves faced away from the road, and they all parked out back. He quickly unloaded the pickup, set everything in his room, checked the room, which looked clean, so he stood the chair under the doorknob to slow down anyone who wanted in. He left the Witness protection shotgun in the truck, and took the cop's Remington 870 into the room with him. He had a whole case of 100 rounds of Federal Tactical buckshot, and another 25 rounds of 1oz. Rifled Slugs. He guessed that more than one North Carolina Sheriff's Department liked the Federal Tactical 9-pellet 00 Buck load. He risked leaving the WP in the locked truck because it was easily recognizable as an illegal weapon, and didn't want anyone to spot it. Dinner was several packets of soup made in the room's microwave oven. The next morning, he made some café mocha, and was on the road by 0800.

Barry doubled back to the junction of Route 258 and NC-24W, which would take him toward Charlotte. He wasn't too happy about that, but the way he saw it, Charlotte was the lesser of multiple evils. If he went north, he would have to go through either Winston-Salem or Raleigh on his way to Asheville, which was the last major town on the way to the Tennessee border. He'd spent a couple of hours before he went to bed checking his maps, and had plotted a route around Charlotte, or at least the city center. Somehow he had to get from Route 421/74 around Charlotte, and back on Route 74 westbound, which was the best route to Asheville, without driving residential roads, which could easily be blocked by unfriendly neighbors. Route 521 bypassed Charlotte to the south, but could be a problem, because a major interstate connected directly to it. He hoped the National Guard couldn't be everywhere, and were too busy to cover all the major roads. His chance of getting caught increased the closer he got to Charlotte, and Route 521 was about as close as he wanted to get. On the west side of Charlotte, Wilkinson Blvd West soon became Route 74 West to Asheville. Once he got through Asheville, he'd be in

his old stomping grounds, the Great Smokey Mountains. He figured out that he had about 240 miles to travel to Asheville, and no decent stopping places in between, since it was 150 miles to Charlotte, and another 90 to Asheville, and he didn't want to stay overnight anywhere near Charlotte. Maybe he could find a small town closer to Asheville to stay overnight, or even an old abandoned farmhouse along the way.

Barry was amazed when he made it to Route 521 4 hours later. Traffic was flowing well, and it was lightly traveled, so he hoped that the NG didn't have a road block on 521. 15 minutes later, he breathed a huge sigh of relief when he made it to Wilkinson Blvd. West unscathed. Right as he got off, there was 2 Charlotte PD cruisers blocking the road - Rats! Trapped like a rat in a maze. Luckily the radio was under the seat and turned off. One of the officers walked up to his vehicle, and asked him for his license and registration, instead of demanding. Maybe these were good guys.

"Officer here you go - is there anything I can help you with?"

"We're stopping all vehicles on this road and running the plates just to be on the safe side."

"Thanks Officer, Here's a letter from the owner of the vehicle explaining why I'm driving his car. I bought the vehicle from a retired Sheriff over in Jarvisburg."

"You mean Sam?"

"No Sir, he told me his name was Gary, and he lived right on the coast, and had a huge fishing boat parked at his dock."

"Sorry about that Barry, you wouldn't believe how many stories we get around here. We've heard about Gary around here, and your plate and driver's license come back clean. Here's your driver's license and paperwork. Have a nice day and drive safe now!"

"Thanks Officer!" Barry breathed a big sigh of relief as the cruisers backed up to open the road for him. As soon as he was out of range, he reached under the seat and turned on the radio.

"Unit 31, Old red Ford pickup, North Carolina plate # Golf Alpha Romeo Yankee, westbound on Wilkinson, Checked out OK, he's headed home. NO need to stop further." If Barry wasn't sitting down with a seat belt on, he would have danced, he was basically home free. He made it to Fairview, about 10 miles before Asheville, and saw a sign for another motel. It looked open, so he drove up, got out, and walked up to the Office. The door was open, so he knocked, and when an older woman said "The door's open, y'all come in." he knew he was close to home.

"Evening Ma'am. I was hoping you might have a room for the night. I'm trying to get home to Tennessee."

"What part of Tennessee y'all from?"

“Until last week, I was working in New York City as a Systems Manager when the rioting started. I was raised in Johnson City, but I haven’t been home in a while. My folks are from the Great Smokey mountains. I wanted to get home today, but I’m too tired to drive.”

“Well that explains your southern manners and your Yankee accent. Ok, I’ve got a room, and if you want dinner, I’ll have supper ready in half an hour.”

“I wouldn’t want to be no trouble ma’am!”

“No trouble t’all, I’ve got to fix dinner for myself anyway. Hope you like stew and dumplings?”

“I’m sure it will be delicious. Where’s my manners, my name’s Barry.”

“Nice to meet you Barry, my name’s Norma Wilson. Mr. Wilson died a few years back, and the motel is all he left me. Nice to have some company for a change.”

Norma handed Barry his room key and some clean towels. He parked the truck in front of his room, unloaded the truck, locked the door, took a quick shower, and got into a clean pair of BDU’s. 25 minutes later, he showed up at the office again, and Norma opened the office door into her small house. The table was already set, so Barry walked over to his chair, and waited until Norma sat down. When they were seated, she bowed her head and said grace. Barry bowed his head and said “Amen” at the end. In front of him was a nice bowl of beef stew with dumplings. He was right, it was delicious. After dinner, they talked for a while, then Barry excused himself saying he had to leave first thing in the morning. He asked Norma if he could pay for the room now, so they walked back to the office desk, and she said the room was \$20 per night. Barry gave her \$30, and said the difference was for the dinner and the company. Norma shook Barry’s hand, wished him luck, and told him she would pray that he had a safe journey. Barry walked back to his room, locked the door, and put the chair under the door. He got up at 0600, made some Café Mocha from the coffee maker, and hit the road at 0700. He drove through Asheville while everyone else was asleep. So far, so good. The next 20 miles on Route 19 were uneventful. If everything went to plan, he’d be able to kiss his wife this afternoon. Suddenly, up popped Interstate 40 - Dang, he’d forgotten about that. He checked, and everything was still stowed. He pulled up into a line of cars that were stopped. They were waving most of the cars through, and sending some over to the side of the road for further questioning. Several people were out of their vehicles in cuffs. This did not look good! Barry started praying like he never had in his life. When he looked up, he was next. The North Carolina State Trooper looked at his truck, pressed the lapel mike on his shoulder, and a minute later, Barry was waved forward back into the travel lanes. He started praising God like a Baptist Minister on Sunday morning. He had to go about another 30 miles on Route 19, then Route 441 to Tennessee, and home!

When Barry reached Cherokee, he stopped in a small shop to grab a bite to eat and a coke. He

saw some free tourist maps in a bin by the door, and a couple must have been copies of USGS topographic maps of the area between Cherokee and Gatlinburg. One was a large-scale map 1:100K, and the other was a small scale 1:24K. He took two copies of each, bought a large café latte and a couple of apple fritters, and walked out to the truck. He stuck 1 of the maps in a gallon Ziploc bag in his fanny pack, and kept the other on the seat in case he needed it. He drove out of Cherokee on Route 441. Right before he entered the park, he pulled over and double-checked his weapons. The Kimber was now riding in his holster so he had 8 shots instead of 7, and 4 extra loaded 8-rd mags. The WP shotgun was fully loaded, and he had 20 rounds of buckshot and 5 rounds of slug for it in his pockets. The 30-30 was on the floor next to him with the tubular magazine loaded with 6 rounds, and he had 10 more rounds in his shirt pocket. He wished he could re-assemble the AK-47, but the chances of getting caught were still too great. The deputy's Remington 870 was in the bed of the truck loaded with buckshot.

He got back on the road, and almost an hour later, he heard a loud bang, and his radiator exploded, then the passenger side windshield shattered. He swore, locked up the truck's brakes, pitching the bed to the right, and once the vehicle was stopped, 2 more rounds hit the engine block before he was able to bail out. He grabbed the rifle and the shotgun, dove out the door, rolled until he found the ditch, which was the nearest cover, and got into the prone position and waited. 2 more shots rang out, and they sounded like AR-15's. Barry guessed he was up against the varsity this time, so he'd have to take things slow and pick his shots, especially since he was outnumbered, out-gunned, and probably out-ranged. He still hadn't seen anyone who was shooting at him, but as heavily wooded as this area was, they couldn't be too far off the roads, since there weren't any visible hillsides within 300 yards. He looked to his left, and scanned the tree line. There were several huge southern pines about 10 feet away, and brush that would cover his movement if he crawled slowly and carefully to the trees. Holding the barrel of the shotgun in his left hand, and the rifle in his right, he began low-crawling toward the trees. Half an hour later, he made the tree line, and turned around to check his 6. He saw a man-shape about 50 yards away right where he thought one of the shots had come, but couldn't locate anyone else. Barry wished he'd have brought his binoculars, then realized they wouldn't have survived his rough landing when he bailed out of the truck. Suddenly, 2 more shots hit the truck, and that gave him a general idea of where the other shooters were. He needed to be patient and wait until they showed themselves to check out the truck. Since no shots came his way, they might not realize he made it out of the truck alive.

An hour later, he heard a hoot-owl, but knew there weren't any around here, then he heard an answering call from the opposite side. He decided to get into a good prone position, and when the dirtbags showed themselves to start looting the truck, he'd nail all 3 of them. These guys were either in a hurry, very overconfident, or had flunked Tactics 101, because all 3 of them showed themselves in their hurry to check out the truck. Once they were all caught out in the open with no close cover, he targeted the guy on the other side of the road, and gave him a 3<sup>rd</sup> eye. He quickly swivelled, and shot the other guy on the side of the road in the head too. He heard running to his left, and knew the 3rd guy was trying to run back to cover. Before he could make it, Barry fired 2 quick rounds, and stopped him cold. He knew the 2 guys on the other

side were dead, so he jacked another round into the action, topped off the magazine from the shells in his pocket, left the shotgun where it was, and carefully made his way to the 3<sup>rd</sup> guy, who had bled out by now. Barry put the muzzle to his forehead and pulled the trigger to make sure. He picked up the lowlife's rifle and stripped the body of anything useful, then carried everything back to the truck. The other 2 were carrying Bushmaster AR-15 HBARs, and had a bunch of loaded mags on them, and were wearing vests. Barry was really glad he had went for head shots, because they had Level IIa vests with ceramic plates, which would have stopped the flat-nosed 30-30 round cold. He stripped the bodies, chucked all their gear into the truck, and pushed the truck off the side of the road. Barry knew he was missing something, and guessed it had to do with the last guy he shot, so he donned one of their vests, loaded the LBV full of mags, and belted on his fanny pack with the knife and canteen. He took out his GPS, and entered the location of the truck as a waypoint so he could find it later, shut it off, and put it back in his fanny pack.

He followed the route DB #3 took back to the woods, and discovered a well-used trail, and boot marks that matched the boots work by the dirtbags. If he were very careful, he might be able to back-track them to their camp, and eliminate the problem. He didn't want to leave any live enemies behind because he had to travel on foot from here on out, and a good tracker could follow him and kill him while he slept. He stalked noiselessly through the brush, following the trail until half a mile later, smelled wood smoke and the smell of roasting pig. He stepped off the trail into the woods, and made his way slowly to the dirtbag's camp. The 2 guys they had left behind weren't taking their guard duties seriously since their rifles were stacked, and they were facing the campfire instead of looking out with their backs to the fire so the light wouldn't totally ruin their night vision. It was late afternoon, and in the deep woods, it was dark enough that he could easily take them. On the far side of the fire he saw stacks of hunting gear, rifles, and stuff. These guys were probably preying on hunters, killing them and stealing their stuff.

He made his way to a good position, got prone, cleared the safety, and 2 shots later, both dirtbags were sporting a 3<sup>rd</sup> eye. When he got closer to the camp, he realized that the smell wasn't pork, and what was on the spit roasting didn't come from a pig. He got sick and threw up. Once he got over it, he kicked the fire out, buried the remains of the poor hunter, and went through the pile. He found something that looked familiar, and unfolded it. It turned out to be a wheeled deer carrier like he had seen in Cabellas. He decided to get far away from this cursed camp, piled everything he could use onto the carrier, and wheeled it back to his truck. He put everything into his truck, and made camp by the roadside, hoping for a traveler who could give him a lift to Gatlinburg. The next morning, he realized that there wasn't much traffic on this road anymore since the emergency, which was why the dirtbags felt so confident attacking him, and there probably wouldn't be another traveler for days. He unloaded the truck, packed his backpack with essentials, and packed the rest onto the deer carrier. He knew the deer carrier could haul a full-sized deer, or maybe 200 pounds, but didn't want to haul that much weight. He reassembled the AK-47, since he preferred the close-range firepower of the AK to the AR-15, and swapped the AK mags for the AR mags in the LBV. He was amazed the AK mags fit until he saw how worn the vest was. He had 10 20-rd loaded mags for the AK-47 in the pockets



of the vest, and the Kimber Custom TLE with 8 loaded mags on his pistol belt that carried the canteen, fanny pack, and Bowie knife with the spare mags in a pocket of the assault vest. The rest of his weapons and ammo, 4 AR-15 HBAR rifles with 10 20-rd mags each, the deputy's M-16/M-203, 1000 rounds of NATO SS-109 ammo, the box of M-203 ammo, the 2 30-30's (DB#3 turned out to be carrying a 30-30) and the remaining ammo was all piled onto the cart. He stuck the loaded Witness Protection shotgun on top for now since he didn't have any way to carry it. He used the included straps to lash the load to the cart so it wouldn't fall off. He felt kind of like a character he'd read about on the internet that had an armored wheelbarrow and a canned AR-15 as he hauled the load down the road.

## Chapter 5

Barry made good time over the hard-surface road, and made camp when it got dark. The next morning, he checked his GPS, and he was over half-way through the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. He wasn't too sure about traveling the rest of the way on hard-surface roads, so he checked his topo maps, and located a nearby logging road that had been abandoned decades ago, but should still be wide enough to get him and his cart full of loot through. The logging road ran within a couple of miles of where he needed to go, so he decided that it would be safer than walking down a hard-surface road like an idiot waiting for the next ambush. One other thing he did was to re-arrange his weapons. He made a heavy-duty sling for the AK out of scraps of material, and stuck the WP shotgun so when he was pushing the cart, all he had to do was reach down with his left hand, and shoot whomever was in front of him. With a live round of 00 Buck in the chamber, all he had to do was push the safety button and pull the trigger, and whatever was in front of him would be sushi! When he got to the logging road he realized that it was more like a trail and was heavily overgrown. He could still see a solid trail, but knew that if he went 20 yards off the trail, he would have been in the deep woods again. He started onto the trail, knowing that if he stayed on the trail he was maybe 10-15 miles from home, plus 1 mile at the most of cross-country travel. He refilled his water containers frequently using his Katadyn filter, since the area had dozens of streams and creeks. Hauling the load slowed him down, and it was hard work as well. By the end of the day he had only made 5 miles according to his GPS. He made a hidden hunter's camp 50 yards off the trail in the heavy brush. He used a hexamine tab to heat water for soup because he didn't want to risk a fire. He knew from his internet research that Hexamine had virtually no smell when burned unlike Trioxane, so he felt safe heating water for soup. Once the tab ran out, he made a cold camp, wrapped himself in the sportsman's blanket, and slept as best as he could.

He made some café mocha in the morning, and was back on the trail half an hour after first light. He forded a dozen streams, but none were very deep or swift, and his boots dried quickly. Right before it got totally dark, his GPS beeped, indicating that he was within a mile from home. He followed a deer trail to the back of his father's farm, and sat down to watch the place through his binoculars. He saw his 16-yr old daughter Mandy working the garden, so gave her favorite call, a wolf howl. She smiled, because she knew her dad was close, and ran in the house yelling "Daddy's home!" Barry's wife Gayle asked her what the heck she was talking about. "I heard a wolf call that was so bad that the rest of the pack would have beaten him senseless, so it had to be dad!"

"Why didn't you say so - let's go meet him" said her father-in law Jim.

"Dad, remember what he said, grab the mag light, point it out back, and use the momentary switch to send OK in Morse code."

"Ok dear, whatever you say."

Jim picked up the big 4-cell Mag light and pointed it out the back door and flashed “--- -.-“

Barry took out his light and flashed back “-. ----“ and then stood up. His dad met him halfway to the door. “Barry, I’m so grateful to see you, how’d you make it?”

“It’s a long story Dad. I’ve got a deer carrier full of rifles and stuff we might need, could you help me haul it in?”

They hiked back out to the carrier, and Barry unloaded the shotgun to be safe, and between the two of them they got it inside the barn half an hour later. Barry took a long hot shower, changed clothes, and they stuffed him so full of food that he fell asleep. Jim said they could get caught up with him tomorrow. Gayle decided to go to bed early, and slid in bed next to her husband and held him without waking him. The next morning, he woke up feeling much better, and felt even better after Gayle gave him a kiss and a long hug, then his Mom made his favorite foods for breakfast. After breakfast, they gathered in the living room with a fire in the fireplace to hear Barry’s story. Jim knew Barry was tough and resourceful, but he found out today just how tough and resourceful he was.

“Daddy, I just couldn’t get the lyrics from Hank Williams Jr’s song out of my head!”

“I think I know which one you mean “A Country Boy Can Survive!”

“Dad, I had no problems killing those dirtbags, but then I got sick both times afterwards.”

“Son, that’s a good sign. It means you’re not a stone cold killer. You kill when you have to, but you don’t enjoy it. I’m glad you let that one officer live, even if he was a slimebag with a badge. You’re probably right; the next country boy he messes with probably will shoot him for you and save you the trouble. In all my years as a reserve deputy, I never saw that type change. Their egos are just way bigger than their brains. Let’s go take a look at that haul you brought back. If the rumors I heard are true, we might need that kind of firepower.”

“What rumors Daddy?”

“I’ve heard the UN is planning on evicting all the rural folk out of their homes, and relocating them to “resettlement villages” and turning half the US into biosphere reserves.”

“There’s no way in Hell I’ll let that happen!”

“Son, you might not have a choice, what if they come in here with tanks?”

“I know a thing or two about Improvised Explosives, and if I get hold of some of my buddies, we could destroy anything the UN sends our way.”

“Including German Leopard II tanks?”

“What the...”

“It seems the Germans and French have thrown in with the UN and are seizing US lands as payment for our national debts.”

“Seems to me that those blue helmets make a nice aiming point, and I never liked the French anyway - they were worse than the Saudis! Talk about a bunch of Duplicitous SOB’s!”

“Barry, I’m only going to tell you this once. Your job is to protect your family. I’ve already transferred all our emergency supplies to that cave up in the Smoky Mountains. The UN would never find you way up there. Leave it up to the Army and National Guard troops to kick the Krauts and Frogs butts. The US Military hates Hillary, and if they can prove she’s behind this, they’ll probably execute her as a traitor.”

“Why not just nuke DC and the UN and get it over with?”

“Too many innocent people would get killed that way.”

“Dad, you know what my favorite quote is?”

“Would that be “Nuke them all - Let God sort them out!”

“It’s either that or Claire Wolfe’s “America’s at that awkward Stage - too late to fight from within, and too soon to shoot the bastards!”

“Well son, maybe it’s time to shoot the SOB’s!”

“Amen Dad!”

They finally reached the barn, and Jim was stunned at the haul. There were 4 AR-15 HBAR rifles with 10 20-rd mags each that were in fairly good condition, then there was the deputy’s M-16/M -203 which didn’t appear to have been fired more than a dozen rounds, the 2 30-30’s with 50 rounds of ammo, and Barry’s AK-47 with 10 loaded 20-rd mags, Barry’s Witness Protection Remington 870, the Colt Commander with 4 7-rd mags and the Kimber Custom TLE with 4 8-rd mags, plus all the ammo: 1000 rounds of NATO SS-109 ammo, a box of 100 12 gauge 00 Tactical Buckshot less the rounds he fired, and 20 rounds of 12 gauge slugs, 200 rounds of Corbon JHP .45 acp ammo, and the box of M -203 ammo. Jim was impressed, that load had to weigh the same or better than a full-size deer. Barry explained he figured things would get much worse, and they’d need all the firepower they could muster. Jim opened a trap door in the barn and showed Barry his weapons cache. Barry’s eyes bugged out. His dad had several full-auto machine guns, and tons of ammo for them, plus a bunch of M-16’s and AR-

15's. He had cases of 5.56 NATO, 7.62x39 combloc, and 7.62 NATO ammo, plus cases of belted 7.62 ammo for the M-60's. He had boxes marked "M -18 Claymore", AN PVS-7 Night Vision Goggle, M67 Fragmentation Grenade, RPG-7, HE Round M406, HEDP Round M433, with 12 grenades in a box, Barry counted over 10 boxes of each type of grenade.

"Dad, where the heck did you get all this?"

"Me and my best friend enlisted together for Vietnam. He went to supply, I went to Infantry. He stayed in and did his 20; I got out and married Mom. Every year, he'd ship me a Christmas Present that he told me not to open, and to store someplace very safe. I guess he was diverting small quantities of older equipment to buddies of his to store in case TSHTF. He died a couple of years ago, and his will instructed us to open our boxes. There's twice as much stuff already in the caves. It's taken us weeks to move all of this stuff; I didn't know it was so heavy."

"Dad, we've got the deer carrier, and I can help. Let's get this stuff moved before anyone finds it."

Between Barry, Jim, Gayle, and Mandy, they got everything they needed to transferred to the cave with a week to spare. Jim used the rest of the time to teach Barry, Gayle, Mandy, and Sally (his 14-yr old daughter) everything he had learned in Vietnam about guerilla and counter-guerilla tactics.

2 days before the UN was to show up, Jim took Barry out to the barn and sat him down. "Your Mom and I have promised the rest of the townsfolk to defend this town if possible, or fight a fighting retreat if they send overwhelming force, to give everyone a chance to evacuate. Some of the farmers have vowed to stay and fight. Here's a list of the people I'd trust with my life. They're the only ones who know about the cave and the supplies. You might be asked to resupply the local militia if the UN tries to garrison this area. If we get lucky the US Military will switch sides, or the National Guard will, so don't shoot men in American uniforms unless they shoot first. Hopefully you'll see your Mom and Me in a couple of days, if not, it meant the UN means to drive everyone out or kill them. If that's the case, a UN helmet makes a great aiming point. Just remember, don't stage any attacks near the cave, and don't get predictable."

"Dad, I want to stay and fight with you!"

"I know son, and I'm proud of you, but if you die, imagine what would happen to your wife and daughters if they're captured. It's your job to protect them. Harass the enemy if you must, but remember your priority - it to protect your family. One extra guerilla won't make that much difference, but if you raise your daughters right, and they teach their kids, we will win this eventually. I know you don't listen to much Popular Music, but I'm sure you've heard "Silent Running" by Mike and the Mechanics."

"Sure have Dad; it's one of my favorites."

“Well you know how it is - this Generation of fighters might not win the war, but the following generations might if we teach them well.”

“God, Dad I’m going to miss you! I love you both so much. Please come with us!”

“Son, nothing would make me happier than to live the rest of my life in comfort, but I gave my word that we’d help defend this community, and I can’t go back on my word.”

Barry held his dad and cried, knowing he’d never see them again. He knew why his Dad had taken him out alone, because it would break his Mom’s heart if she had to say goodbye to her only son under these circumstances. While it wasn’t a suicide mission by any means, they had no idea what the UN would send. Hopefully they would send thin-skinned vehicles and old M - 113 APCs that their RPGs could take out. The worst-case scenario would be main battle tanks with armed helicopters in support. If that happened, the leader of the Militia would fire a red parachute flare as a bug-out signal, and everyone would start a fighting retreat to give the remaining civilians as much time to get out as possible. Hopefully they’d be able to E&E to the local caves. No one that hadn’t lived there all their lives knew the location of these caves, since they’d never been officially mapped and explored.

The cave Jim had picked for Barry’s survival retreat was huge, well concealed, and had a year-round spring flowing through the back of the cave. One branch had a hole in the floor that was so deep that they thought it was bottomless. That was impossible, but it would work great as an outhouse, so they built a privy over the hole. The entrance to the cave made several 90 degree bends, and was naturally vented, so they could light a fire inside. They used a wood stove since it was more efficient, and plumbed the pipe to the roof opening. Jim checked the smoke coming out of the cave, and it was so diffuse that he couldn’t tell where it was coming from. With the foggy atmosphere around the Great Smoky Mountains, no one could know for sure what it was. They had thousands of gallons of kerosene, dozens of lamps, and a lifetime supply of wicks and parts for light, and had packed an entire branch of the cave with dried split hardwood. Every year they canned the total output of their gardens, and stored the excess in the cave. Since the temperature and humidity never varied much, and there was no light contamination, foods that had been stored 10 years ago were still fresh. With only Jim and his wife Rachael to feed for all the years since Barry left home, they had a 10-year supply of canned vegetables, fruit, and venison. Jim never bothered to get a deer tag, and took them with his compound bow. Barry was a crack shot with his bow as well, and Jim suggested that if he had to go hunt for any reason, to use the bow so the noise of a shot wouldn’t attract attention, and to only shoot in a life and death emergency.

Before they finished, Jim had ringed the cave with several layers of Claymore mines, and showed Barry how to rig mantraps, so once they were in the cave, if anyone attacked they would be decimated and forced to retreat. They had an evacuation route out the back of the cave that connected to another cave on the other side of the mountain. The route was blocked for now, but could be quickly cleared in an emergency with the explosive charges they rigged to

blow the debris out. It was only a couple of pounds of ANFO, but placed in such a way to blow the debris out of the hole away from Barry's cave. With their preparations made, Jim's extended family spent the next Sunday in Church. Barry hadn't been inside a church for years, but suddenly felt like he was home. 2 days later, Jim sat Barry down and talked to him. When they finished, Barry carried a last load of stuff to the cave, carrying his AK-47 and a LBV full of weapons and gear. His pistol belt held the Kimber and 3 spare mags, plus the canteen, butt pack, and a much better knife than the one he bought in NYC. A local knifemaker made 12-in Bowies out of D-2 that had been coated with TiN so they were a nice smoky color. The steel guard and skull-crusher pommel were treated as well. They bought a large quantity of Kydex sheaths with piggyback pouches from a guy that went by Sharp Squirrel who did excellent work. Barry carried a hatchet on the opposite side that could double as a weapon. It resembled a Frontiersman's hawk with a hammer pawl and a wicked curved and beaked blade with finger holes to allow him to choke up. The pouch contained a Duafold diamond sharpener, compass, Red LED Photon light, and a MFS. Barry was loaded for Bear, but preferred Blue Helmets. If things happened the way he thought, it was going to be Open Season on Blue Helmets with no bag limit. Right as he was leaving, his mother Rachael burst out of the house crying "Barry wait!"

Barry dropped the load carefully and ran to his Mom.

"Barry, I couldn't leave you without saying Goodbye!"

"I know Mom. I'll always love you. Take care of Dad, and hopefully I'll see you soon!"

"I know son, if not here, then in Heaven."

Barry dissolved into tears, and just held his mother until they cried themselves out. Rachael said "I Love you Son, don't forget that!" and gave him a kiss on the cheek. Barry kissed his mom, and told her "I love you too Mom, see you soon!" and picked up his burden and trudged away to the caves. He knew he would never see his parents again, and vowed to make some UN General pay for that.

## Chapter 6

Barry made the longest walk of his life, and 2 hours later arrived at their cave. Gayle could tell from the look on his face that he could use a hug, and 30 seconds later, their daughters made it a group hug. When they were done crying, Barry said he needed their help to inventory the cave. He'd handle the Armory, Gayle would take the Pantry, Mandy, and Sally would split the rest of the stuff between them. He handed each of them a legal pad and told them to get to work. It took the rest of the day, but they had a pretty good idea of what they had. Barry was stunned by the size of their armory. There was enough weapons and ammo to equip and supply a huge militia for 10 years of operations. They had hundreds of M-16 variants, ½ with M-203s, dozens of M-79 grenade launchers and hundreds of grenades for them. His supply of 40mm grenades alone could equip several platoons of Marines for a year of hard fighting. There were dozens of M-60a1 and a2 machine guns each with 3 spare barrels, and millions of rounds of 7.62 NATO linked ammo. They had cases of RPG-7, LAWS, and other older anti-tank rockets. He even thought there were a couple of cases of bazooka rockets and launchers. They had 4 different types of grenades ranging from older pineapple styles to modern baseball and lemon-style grenades, and a case of stun grenades. Barry guessed that would be for searching house to house if you didn't want to kill the occupants. They had 5 different types of mines, including claymores, anti-tank, and anti-personnel mines of 2 different generations. Most of their stuff was older Vietnam and Desert Storm equipment, but it was in excellent shape. There were cases of tools and parts to repair everything, and cleaning kits for the field and the armory. Barry knew his dad loved the M-1 Garand, and there were cases of them still in the Cosmoline, and 5 cases of 30-06 ammo loaded on 8-shot Garand clips. They had several WWII 8mm Mausers with scopes for long-distance shooting, since the Springfield Armory M-1a National Match was right out of their ballpark. Since the ammo was so cheap, they had almost 10 cases of it.

Barry located his Dad's private collection of 6 Yugoslavian SKS's with 20-round fixed magazines, and 5 cases of ammo for them. Barry preferred the close-range firepower of the AK-47, so he loaded all his mags that he had, and topped his pouches off with stripper clips of 7.62x39 ammo. He gave Gayle the M-16/M-203 and both girls carried one of the Bushmaster AR-15 HBAR rifles after Barry cleaned and serviced them. Barry told them to carry their rifles 100% of the time when they were out of the cave, and that included the Level IIa vest with plates, the LBV with 10 20-rd AR-15 mags and their gear, and a pistol belt with a .45, 4 loaded mags; a canteen with cup, stove, and cover; their Kabar knife, and butt pack with their E&E gear. Barry was glad Jim had gotten them used to wearing their vests during their stay there, because a Tennessee summer gets hot and humid. Gayle reported that they had 10-years of stored food for 10 people, or 5 years if they gave 30% of it away. They had enough first aid equipment and hospital beds in the cave to care for 6 wounded militia members, as long as they didn't need the services of a surgeon, since they didn't have one. Gayle was an Emergency Room nurse, and could do a lot with the supplies they had. Mandy reported that they had 100 gallons of kerosene, 12 lanterns, 12 parts kits, and 100 spare wicks. The wood pile in the



cavern was 8 feet high, 12 feet wide, and the cavern was 50 feet long. That would be several years worth of wood for the stove. They had no means of cleaning the pipe, so they had to be careful. They had the equipment, it was just impossible to get at the top of the pipe since it was fixed to the roof of the cavern over 40 feet up. Barry knew that's why they only burned seasoned hardwood, since it wouldn't smoke as much, or leave creosote in the pipe to cause a chimney fire. Sarah reported they had 10 cases of TP, 5 cases of feminine products, 1 case of body soap, and 10 5-gallon pails of laundry soap to go along with the hand-cranked washer and wringer. Their source of hot water was a pot on the stove, but it beat cold showers. They had a 10-gallon steel drum they filled with water on a 6-foot platform that they filled with buckets and a rope, which terminated in a shower head with an on-off valve. They were allowed 5 gallons of water per day for showers, and once weekly, they could use the whole 10 gallons if they heated the water themselves. Rachel had supplemented their canned goods with hundreds of pounds of lard, flour, cornmeal flour, rice and beans, sugar, salt, yeast, pepper, spices, coffee, tea, cocoa powder, powdered milk, and powdered eggs. What wasn't commercially canned in #10 cans were packed into 5-gallon buckets, treated with CO<sub>2</sub>, and packed with desiccants and O<sub>2</sub> absorbers, then sealed. They taped 3 lid openers to the stack of 5-gallon buckets so they had spares.

2 days later, right around 0900, Barry awoke to the sound of heavy artillery. He knew the militia wasn't armed with anything heavier than an RPG, so the UN forces must be shelling the town. Gayle had to physically restrain him from running to aid the townspeople, so she compromised that they could take the spotting scope to a spot where they could see the town. The image made Barry furious and sick at the same time. Heavy artillery explosions were landing with such precision that they either had an airborne spotter, or else they had the town already plotted and registered. Gayle saw what was happening, and pulled Barry back into the cave, saying "There isn't a thing you can do against heavy artillery except get yourself killed. Rachel told me that Dad had terminal lung cancer and wouldn't live much longer anyway, and she couldn't bear to live without him, so they decided to help save as many townspeople as they could. She'd rather die a martyr and a hero than a refugee in a camp. She told me to tell you she loved you, and to take care of you, because she knew you'd want to run to the fighting."

2 days later, several stragglers showed up at the cave, needing medical attention. One of them was their next-door neighbor Robert Lee.

"Barry, I was there where your Father and Mother died. I've been under artillery before, but these monster shells were just blowing buildings into shrapnel. Your Father and Mother were on the front lines, and when the shooting started, your Dad took his M -1 Garand and shot the UN commander right after he ordered the artillery barrage. The first shell landed right on them, and they died instantly. I'm sorry son, but there's nothing left of them to bury. Somehow your Mom's wedding ring survived, so I brought it to you."

Barry took the ring, and took off his beaded neck chain with his dog tags and Survival Kit, and threaded the ring onto the chain next to his dog tags. Robert got a look at Barry's face as he

slipped the chain back over his neck, and knew that hunting season was officially open.

Barry and Gayle took care of the wounded and helped them to either pack a kit and travel to their retreats, or re-arm to take the fight to the enemy. Two weeks later, Barry finally decided he had to get into town and exact some revenge. He carried his AK-47 and 3 RPG-7 rockets and a launcher, which was about as much as he could carry. Two days later, he came to the major crossroads, and saw a M -113 standing there guarding the intersection. The robins-egg blue helmets told him everything he needed to know. He took another day to scout them and get into firing position. The M -113 APC was most vulnerable from the rear, and the RPG-7 could easily punch through the thinner rear armor, igniting the gasoline tank, and hopefully blowing the UN troops inside to smithereens. Somehow he thought it fitting! When he got ready to shoot, something he smelled made it even easier for him to shoot. Around noon, someone brought out a pipe, and they were sitting on the concrete smoking it and passing it around. He got a whiff of a sickly sweet aroma that he recognized as Hashish, which meant that the troops were a bunch of Towel heads, since the European troops weren't into smoking hash on duty. He took careful aim, and his first RPG caused the M -113 to explode and fireball, turning the troops around and inside to hamburger. He picked up and moved further down the highway to ambush another bunch of UN troops. Later that night, he headed home, going 3 for 3. While it didn't bring his parents back, these towel heads were invading his country - so they were fitting targets. He would have preferred a General or at least a Colonel.

Barry took two days hiking back to the cave, it would have taken less time, but the UN was increasing the frequency of patrols, and he didn't want to lead anyone back to their retreat. When he got within earshot of the cave, he did the wolf howl again, then slowly walked into the cave. When he saw Gayle, he said "Honey, I'm home!"

"We need to talk; Mandy and Sally are at each other's throats."

"What's wrong?"

"Well for 1 thing, this is the first time they've had to share a room, and they're cooped up in this cave, and I think we're coming down with Cabin Fever."

"Sweetie, I'd love nothing better than to let you 3 outside, but it's a jungle out there. The UN is increasing their patrols, and I don't want you to get caught. If you did, the best thing to happen would be for them to shoot you outright, and I don't even want to think of the worst case."

"Barry, there's a fishing stream a ¼ mile away from the cave, and the entire route is through the deep forest. If you think it's worth the risk, you might want to take us fishing."

"Ok, but you'd have to be absolutely quiet, sounds carry quite a ways around here, and any feminine voices would bring those Towelhead SOB's running."

“OK, I understand the dangers, and I’ve explained things to Mandy and Sally. Let’s go first thing tomorrow.”

“I’ve got an idea that might end the squabbling, let me check out a branch of this cave, and maybe we could move Sally’s stuff to the other side of the cave.”

Barry checked out an unused branch of the cave. He discovered the reason it wasn’t used is it was only about 8 feet wide by 10 feet deep and 7 feet high. He called Sally over, and asked her if she’d like to have her own room, then showed her the room. Unknown to Barry, Sally’s real issue was the total lack of privacy, and since she wasn’t as well-developed as her older sister, she was embarrassed to get undressed in front of her, and would have moved into a closet if she had to. She twirled around threw her arms around her dad’s neck and kissed him. Barry had to disentangle quickly, she wasn’t a little girl anymore, regardless of how she felt, and he was starting to react in an inappropriate way. He said he’d help her move the furniture, but it was up to her to make a curtain for privacy, and find a table for a small kerosene lamp. With that out of the way, he walked back into the bedroom and had a talk with Gayle.

“You’ve got to talk to Sally, she still hugs me like a little girl, and she’s not anymore. I had to disentangle fast because I was starting to get aroused.”

“You poor dear, let me take care of that!”

Later that evening, Barry realized it had been a long time for Gayle as well. He had been gone for almost a week hunting UN troops. He guessed either his hunting days were over, or he had to bring his family with him, but if he did that - who’d watch the cave.

The next morning, Barry heard a bird call, and went to the front of the cave with his gear and his AK-47. Standing there in the path was Robert Lee, and another family from Gatlinburg that they were on their list, except Dean wasn’t with them. Robert walked into the cave, and told Barry that Dean died a few days after the attack from his wounds, leaving a wife, a 16-year old son, and a 13-yr old daughter. Their farmhouse burnt to the ground in the attacks, and they had no where else to go. Robert wanted to know if they could put them up for a while until things settled down, and they could make it to some kin deeper in the Great Smokies. Dean was one of Barry’s best friends in High School, and Darlene was the Prom Queen. Their son Darrell was a Junior at the same high school that Mandy and Sarah went to up to a month ago. Lisa was in 9<sup>th</sup> grade, and as pretty as her mom. Barry said he had to talk it over with Gayle, and to stay where they were, he’d be back in a minute. Gayle had always gotten along with Darlene, and knew both Darrell and Lisa. They had the room and the food, so she said yes. Barry walked back out and told Robert they could take them for a while, but they’d have to open up some new rooms in the cavern for bedrooms, and there wasn’t much privacy there. Darlene walked up to Barry and gave him a hug, and cried. She had seen her husband shot, and was an emotional wreck. “Barry, Dean told me that if anything happened to head to your place. When I saw your farm burnt to the ground, I didn’t know what to do. Finally Robert saw us, and I told him what had

happened. We've been on the run ever since the day they blew the town off the map. Thanks for taking us in, and I'll tell you right now we'll work our tails off."

"Darlene, there isn't much to do here, all the wood's cut, and the food's canned. Except for making the meals, and watching the place, there isn't a lot we are doing."

Darrell spoke up, "Sir, I'm pretty handy with a rifle, and we could help you guard the place."

Lisa just held on to her mom. The close contact was all they had to keep them emotionally sane.

Robert said "Barry, we've got 3 spare beds with blankets and sheets if you could use them."

"Thanks, all we've got are hospital beds, and we need to reserve them for patients. You guys bring anything with you?"

"We left everything down the trail a ways just in case. If it's OK with you for us to stay here, we'll go get it."

"Dean and I had an agreement that if anything happened, we'd look out for each other's families, so of course you're welcome to stay as long as you like."

Darlene and her family walked back down the trail, and came back with 2 suitcases each, then went back for the rest of their stuff. Barry, Gayle, and the kids pitched in, and soon they were all inside the cave. Barry located 2 more unused rooms further down the cavern. Darlene said she wouldn't mind sharing a room with her daughter, since Lisa was still having nightmares. Robert came back a couple of hours later with 3 folding cots, sheets, and blankets for Darlene and her 2 kids. Barry and Gayle erected privacy curtains over the openings to the rooms, but Gayle warned Darlene that the curtains had a nasty habit of blowing open during a storm, so she hoped they didn't sleep in the nude. Darlene laughed then cried, remembering the last time she slept in the nude was 3 weeks ago when she made love to Dean for the last time. Gayle held her until she stopped crying. She told Darlene that every time Barry went out to hunt UN troops, she was scared to death he wouldn't come back, so she kind of knew what she was going through. She missed Dean too since the couples were good friends, but not as intensely as Darlene did. When Darlene came up for breath, she said "Cherish every moment you have with Barry, because you never know what moment will be your last moment with him."

They both started crying at that moment. When they finally regained their composure, Gayle left to find Barry, dragged him into the bedroom, and made mad passionate love to him. Barry was grateful, but wondered what the hell was up; it wasn't their anniversary or his birthday? Finally she got tired and laid next to him. He said "Gayle, not that I'm complaining, but what was that all about?"

Gayle rolled over and told him. They held each other for the rest of the night, and fell asleep in each other's arms. Barry promised himself that he'd remember to put Gayle's needs first. His one-man vengeance squad didn't do much to bring his parents back, but evidently it was scaring Gayle half to death.

The next day as he promised, they went fishing, and everyone was totally quiet. Mandy and Sally got to practice the hand signs that their Grandpa had taught them. Darrell didn't understand most of it and whispered in Barry's ear. He whispered back that they were practicing their tactical sign language. Darrell asked if they could teach it to him. Barry realized that Dean wasn't really into preparedness, and wasn't a "gun nut" either, and had left some critical elements out of his children's education. He couldn't teach them to shoot, because that made too much noise, but Barry decided to spend some time each day teaching everyone all the stuff his Dad taught him. They carried home a nice stringer of fish, and they had fried fish and hushpuppies for dinner. The next day, Barry started their education. Since they had nothing better to do, they spent most of the daylight in and around the cave, safely staying inside the claymore perimeter. Barry explained tracking and counter-tracking techniques, tactical sign language, map and compass reading, tactical movement, ambush and counter-ambush. Mandy and Darrell soon became very close. Barry didn't try to discourage them, because they were both 16, and in some parts of Tennessee, Mandy would be considered an old maid! He highly suggested to Darrell that he take his time, and get to know Mandy and make sure he wanted to spend the rest of his life with her before they had sex, because they had no means of birth control, and no medical help except for what Gayle could provide. Darrell turned beet red, and swore they didn't have sex. Barry looked down, and he was still packing his .45! He guessed that Darrell was scared shitless, and told him that he had absolutely nothing to worry about as long as he didn't break Mandy's heart, because if he broke her heart, he'd wind up with a broken arm or worse. Darrell said that they were just friends, but Mandy was definitely interested in going past friends. Barry sat Darrell down and explained some things to him, about how violent things were outside the cave, and he had to grow up fast, and if they wanted to get married, they had his blessing, with the caveat that if he heard Mandy crying, he'd have to answer to him. Darrell promised that if they got married, he'd do his best to take care of her, and put her needs and his family's needs ahead of his. Barry told Darrell that his father was his best friend growing up in High School, and he'd do everything in his power to protect them that wouldn't jeopardize his Wife or family's life. Darrell said he understood, and appreciated it.

2 weeks after the attack at Gatlinburg, Dennis J. Adams LTC (P), the Regimental Commander of the 278<sup>th</sup> Armored Cavalry Regiment in Knoxville TN got word of the Massacre of Gatlinburg, and was furious. He had enough problems with UN "Peacekeepers" on US soil, but the news he was getting from Amateur radio operators was that the people of Gatlinburg offered minimal resistance with small arms, and the German Colonel in charge ordered his heavy artillery to level the town. The firepower was so precise that he suspected that was their plan all along, and they had the town plotted and registered. He knew he could do something about that, and called a staff meeting. Meanwhile he kicked what he knew up the chain of command via

back-channels. The 278<sup>th</sup> was a lot of firepower, and they had a target. He was going to blow those Krauts all the way back to Berlin. His staff came up with a plan that would destroy the German contingent, including all their armor, and the headquarters company in 1 huge attack. Dennis knew that the Germans didn't have access to American surveillance satellites, and avoiding the French SPOT satellites would be easy. He assembled his helicopter crews, told them what had happened, and they all volunteered for the mission. Since the Germans didn't bring much airpower, he knew the Apaches and Kiowas by themselves could blow up most of the armor, still he sent a heavy convoy of M-1 Abrams, and Bradleys just in case some armor made it out of the trap. He knew the German headquarters were in Nashville, TN since it was served by 3 major Interstates, and 2 State Routes. At 120 miles 1-way, they were within easy rearm and refueling distance of Nashville, so he set up his helicopters in 2 waves to keep continuous pressure on the Krauts and keep them pinned down. He wished he had a couple of FA-18's with JDAMs to blow up the headquarters building, but he had something almost as good. He knew the CO of the National Guard Air Wing in North Carolina. The Warthog was designed for busting tanks, and he knew the CO would love nothing better than blowing up a couple hundred UN tanks sitting in nice precise German rows. He called his friend, who immediately offered half his wing, and would arm them with a mixture of Mavericks, Cluster Bomb Units, and 500 pound bombs on their wing stations, they each carried 2 sidewinders because that was the only weapon that would fit on that station, even though they doubted they'd have any fast movers to mess with. They coordinated their attack for 0600 the next morning.

At 0600 the next morning, the German commander thought Hell had come to Nashville. He was half right, the US Army National Guard was exacting retribution for the civilians he killed a couple of weeks earlier. The German High command never expected such a violent retaliation, so they were totally unprepared. The Warthog pilots were in Hog heaven, their GAU-8/A 30mm rotary cannon firing at 1800 rounds per minute meant that each strafing pass was killing 20-30 Leopard II tanks. The more agile Apaches were busy shooting up the headquarters buildings and barracks, and launched several Hellfire missiles into the building. The lead pilot of the Apaches thought the missile was appropriately named, and he hoped the SOBs that had murdered innocent American civilians in cold blood were being greeted by Hellfire in the afterlife. The second wave of Warthogs made sure all the tanks were dead, then dropped CBU cluster bombs over the entire area to wipe out any German personnel that survived the initial onslaught. The German commander's final thought echoed the Japanese admiral's the day after Pearl Harbor "I fear we have awakened a Sleeping Giant!" All over the United States, any National Guard units that weren't involved in Riot control went on the offensive, and decimated the UN forces. Casualties on both sides were high, but the Americans had home-field advantage, plus the force-multiplying effect of well-placed Green Beret troops who organized, armed and quickly trained civilian militias to harass and pin down UN garrison forces, denying them the opportunity to move forces safely.

As reports from all over the US came pouring in of "peacekeepers" using heavy artillery, tanks

and fighter bombers to relocate people, the Joint Chiefs started putting the picture together, and contacted the JSOC at MacDill. He detailed some Rangers to snatch a French General and get everything he knew. 2 weeks later, the report made it's way back up to the Joint Chiefs, and immediately they took certain steps. When they were finished, the Commandant of the Marines practically begged the 3 other Generals in the room to make the call. They knew what he had in mind, and agreed.

“White House Switchboard, how may I help you?”

“This is General Mike Hagee, I need to speak to the President right now, it's a National Security issue.”

“One Minute please”

“Good morning General, what do you want?”

“Madame President, it has come to the attention of the Joint Chiefs that the UN Peacekeepers are really here to foreclose on our National Debt, and are forcibly moving US citizens off their land. What really disturbs me is we found out from a reliable source that you instigated the whole thing over 4 years ago so you could be Madame President. As of this moment, you, your husband, and the entire Congress are considered Enemies of the Constitution. As such, we are sworn to not only disobey any orders you may give, but to actively work for your downfall and trial on charges of Treason.”

“You little Worm - Who do you think you're talking to! With one word I can obliterate this country and you with it!”

“Guess again, as of 2400 yesterday, all your PAL codes are invalid, and no US Military Command will acknowledge orders, transmissions, or anything else from the National Command Authority. We've also blocked satellite and phone access to Washington. Any attempt to contact European Command or UN Authorities will result in the destruction of Washington DC.”

“You wouldn't Dare!”

“Just try me ma'am if you think I'm bluffing. The last thing you'll see is a bright white flash.”

“You don't have the authority to do this!”

“Madame President, My final comment is from all US Military Men and women who took an oath to support and defend the Constitution of the United States from All Enemies, Foreign and Domestic:

F@#K Y#U Madame President!”

The phone clicked in General Hagee’s ear, then a dial tone was heard. All contact with DC was now disconnected. Now the Joint Chiefs had to execute their plans. General Hagee called the JSOC and gave him the Go code. 20 minutes later, 2 large explosions devastated Bohn and Paris. Half an hour later, at 12 noon on October 24, 2009, a single FA-18 flew over the UN building and dropped two 1,000 pound JDAMS, blowing the building and everyone in it sky high. When the destruction of the UN building was confirmed, the Secretary of the Navy sent a coded command to a Seawolf sub hovering in the Atlantic just outside New York Harbor, where all the UN Military vessels were docked. The CO and his Weapons officer inserted their keys and twisted them, and 12 Tomahawk Cruise and 8 Harpoon missiles destroyed every ship in the UN fleet. Next, a tape-recorded message was heard on Guard “Attention UN forces, your fleet has been destroyed, your Command and Control neutralized, and you will be surrounded and destroyed to the last man unless you immediately and unconditionally surrender. You have 1 hour to comply. To surrender, you must broadcast your intent to surrender on Guard, stack your weapons, walk away from your tanks and vehicles, and sit with your hands up in the middle of the road. We will transport you to the nearest detention facility for processing. If you have not surrendered in 1 hour, the Joint Chiefs will issue a order authorizing any US citizen to shoot any UN soldier on sight, with a \$100 bounty for each blue beret or helmet turned in. This is your final warning.”

All over the US, UN troops threw down their weapons, shut down and walked away from their tanks and APCs, and awaited their fates. Some units didn’t get the word, and were destroyed to a man. Headquarters Command was captured intact, and after some pretty brutal questioning, the survivors were lined up and shot.

Hillary and Chuckie were watching the news, and knew that it was only a matter of time before someone arrested them and tried them for treason. Hillary’s nerve broke, and she took out a .22 derringer, shot Chuckie in the chest, then shot herself in the forehead with the 2<sup>nd</sup> round. Chuckie lived for 4 hours before the Secret Service bothered to check on them.

Eventually Barry and Darrell joined the local militia, and one of their last attacks resulted in a French AMX-10PC Command Vehicle driving over an anti-tank mine, killing the senior French commander for Tennessee. Barry walked down to the destroyed APC, pulled the French flag off the antenna, and walked off into the woods to take a dump.

2 months later, Mandy and Darrell were married and homesteaded an abandoned farm 1 mile away from Barry’s place. Darlene married one of the surviving militia members who had lost his family in the massacre at Gatlinburg. The Joint Chiefs ordered the execution of any remaining members of Congress and the Supreme Court, for dereliction of duty or High Treason. The states met in Philadelphia for a second continental congress. The states re-wrote whole sections of the Constitution, moving the 10<sup>th</sup> Amendment to the top of the pile, and re-writing the 2<sup>nd</sup> to make it clear that the right to keep and bear arms was an absolute right, and



any law to restrict the rights of law-abiding citizens was null and void, and any official who attempted to deny those rights to any citizen would be guilty of a Capital Crime, subject to the death penalty. All Concealed Weapon laws were stricken from the books, since they restricted the rights of citizens to bear arms as they saw fit. The First Amendment was re-written to protect all religious speech, and anti-government speech. The Media no longer had a free pass to print or publish anything they wanted, and the FCC reigned in Hollywood, by telling them that if they released anything they weren't happy with, they'd fine them 100% of the money they made on the objectionable movie. The US was going back to the old "Community Standard" for vulgarity. All previous laws and Supreme Court rulings were declared Null and Void.

The Congress was limited to 1 term, and the pay was set the same as the lowest-paid school teacher in their home state. All Federal Agencies were disbanded, and reorganized. The states realized that they needed a small Federal police force to investigate interstate crime, and a small intelligence agency to keep an eye on other countries. All non-resident aliens were ordered deported, including everyone on a visitor or student visa, or anyone who couldn't prove a legal right to be in the US. All foreign embassies were closed pending re-organization of the State Department, and the diplomats and their staffs were ordered out. The final decision of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Constitutional Congress was to have a President and Vice President, mostly for ceremonial purposes. All military decisions were delegated to the Joint Chiefs, who reported to a 50-member committee cleared for National Security information, and appointed by the Governors each state. Their only job was the defense of the United States, and working out the reduction of the army from the World's policemen to a purely defensive Military. The US would still keep our nuclear warheads as the ultimate Defense, but we stopped getting involved in every little civil war. We made it clear to every country in the world that we were through fixing their problems, the bank was closed, and if you attacked us or caused problems, you could guarantee a lethal response.

**The End**